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CHERRIFULNESS.

See how the day becometh brightly before us!
Blue is the firmament—green is the earth,
Grief hath no voice in the Universe chorus,
Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness,
Gaze! and if beauty can rapture thy soul,
Virtue herself shall allure thee to gladness,
Gladness! philosophy's gaudy and goal.

Eater the treasures pleasure uncloses,
List! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay?
Breath! who is wafting the sweets from the roses;
Feel! she is cool in the rivulet's play;
Taste! from the grape and the nectarine gushing
Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun,
Green in the hills, the flower-groves blushing,
Look! she is always and every where one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling
Over the cheeks that should rosy bloom;
Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb?
Still may we battle for goodness and beauty;
Still have philanthropy much to essay;
Glory rewards the fulfilment of duty;
Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like darken this planet of ours,
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows,
Even when anguish hath palsied its powers;
Wherefore, though fate play the part of a traitor,
Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of hope,
Fearlessly certain that sooner or later,
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of creation!
Still is God's earth undistorted and bright;
Comfort the captive's too long tribulation,
Thus shalt thou reap thy more perfect delight,
Love! but if love be a hallowed emotion,
Purity only its rapture should share;
Love, then, with willing and deathless devotion,
All that is just and exalted and fair.

Act!—for in action are wisdom and glory;
Fame, immortality; these are its crown;
Wouldst thou illumine the tables of story,
Build on achievements thy doom of renown;
Honor and feeling were given to cherish,
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay;
Landmarks by these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on the duskiest day.

Courage!—disaster and peril once over,
Freshen the spirit as showers the grove;
O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover,
Soon the Forget-me-not rises in love,
Courage, then, friends! thought the universe cumber,
Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
Patient and trustful, and joyous and humble,
Smiles through ruin on darkness and death.

THE COQUETTE.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

"I will not marry yet," was her reply—her
face half averted from the kneeling figure be-
side her, whom still she suffered to retain her
hand—whose arm still encircled her waist, un-
forbidden. "I will not marry yet," and love
was in the tone of the very accents that with-
held the boon of love, or deferred the bestowal
of it.

St. Aubyn was a young man of moderate
fortune; accomplished, unsophisticated, of quick
sensibilities. A student, and fond of retirement,
he had selected for his summer residence a
small fishing hamlet, on the romantic coast of
Devonshire; where, between his books and
the sea-shore, along which he loved to ramble,
his time passed anything but heavily. Here
he had resided about a month, when the little
community received an addition, in a young
lady and her mother, who joined it for the pur-
pose of a temporary residence; and St. Aubyn
stepped back in surprise, when, issuing one
morning from the cabin in which he lodged, he
beheld two females, in the attire and with the
air of fashion—the one leaning on the arm of
the other—approaching the humble portal
whence he had just emerged. He bowed, how-
ever, and passed on.

He had scarcely more than glanced at the
strangers; but, transient as was his survey of
them, he saw that one of them was an invalid—
the younger. "How touching is the languor which
indisposition casts over beauty!" exclaimed St.
Aubyn to himself. "Heath would improve the
loveliness of that face, but the interest which
now invests it would vanish. No visitation," he
continued, "but late hours, and crowded rooms,
have sent her hither—for I prophesy she comes
to make some stay. Sidmouth would be change
of scene, not change of occupation!" He was
right. St. Aubyn returned from his ramble

earlier than was his custom. His thoughts, that
day were in the hamlet, and not upon the shore.
He approached his lodging with something like
emotions of expectation and suspense. He
looked at his landlady, on entering, as if he ex-
pected her to communicate something; and
was disappointed when she merely returned the
ordinary response to his salutation. He entered
his apartment, dispirited, and threw himself
into a chair near the window, the sash of which
he threw up, as if he wanted air. For the first
time, he felt the oppression of loneliness. "They
have not come to stop," said he to himself, and
absolutely with a sigh—and no wonder! In
an assembly, a lovely, graceful, and delicate
woman, beheld for the first time, would have
extracted from him only the ordinary tribute
which beauty shares with beauty; but, in a re-
mote little hamlet, inhabited by beings as rude
as their neighbors, the sea and the rocks, such
a vision could hardly come, & a vanish, without
leaving a strong impression, upon the beholders.
St. Aubyn sat abstracted, chagrined—mortified.
The opening of a window, in a cabin opposite
rouled him. The sash was thrown up by a
white arm shining through a sleeve of muslin,
thin as gauze. Presently, a dimpled elbow re-
posed upon the sill; and a cheek of pensive
sweetness sank upon a hand, so small, so white,
that it seemed to have been modelled for no
other office than to pillow such a burden. A
thrill ran through St. Aubyn, quickening him
into wakeful life.

How the hand talks! What passion, thought,
and sentiment are in it! What tongues are
the fingers! Oh! the things that the hand
which St. Aubyn sat watching, discoursed to
him, as it changed its posture, now with the palm,
now with the back, kissing its owner's cheek—
now extending one finger upon the marble, am-
ple temple—now enwreathing itself with one
jetty curl and another—now passed over the
arched brightly forehead—now lowered, and
languidly drooping from the window frame, up-
on which the arm to which it belonged lay mo-
tionless—then raised again, with slow and rav-
ing motion, till it closed with the cheek that half
met it—then gradually crossed over the bosom
that seemed to heave with a sigh as it passed,
and pressed to the heart—then clasped with its
beauteous fellow, and carried to the back of the
head, and full elastic arms swelling and whitening,
as they contracted!

St. Aubyn gazed on entranced. Hitherto,
the cheek alone of the fair invalid had been
presented to him, but now her head turned: her
eyes met his and dropped—she rose and with-
drew.

Only glimpses of her did St. Aubyn catch
again, that evening—but they were frequent.—
A hand—an elbow—the point of her shoulder
—once or twice her figure, flitting backward
and forward, as she paced up and down the
apartment. Dusk fell; still he remained at his
post. Was it a guitar that he heard? It was
but awakened as the first tones of an eolian
harp, which you hold your breath to hear. Her
hand was on the strings: one chord at length
she struck full; another succeeded—and another.
Then all was silence, for a time. St. Aubyn
still remained at the window—nor in
vain. The music woke again, as fairly soft as
before; and a voice—soft as the music, but
oh! far sweeter—awoke, along with it. She
was singing, but he could hear nothing except
the strain; and yet he heard enough to tell him
that it was the theme of tenderness, though sung
by fits, that rather seemed to help than mar the
passionate mood. The stirs shone out; the
moon, in her first quarter half completed, show-
ed her bright crescent clear though setting;
the folds of a white drapery shone dimly through
the still open casement. Did the wearer ap-
proach to look out and gaze upon the fair
knight? No. The sash was pulled down; the
string and the voice were hushed; the in-
teresting minstrel had retired. St. Aubyn re-
tired too; but, though his head was upon the
pillow, not a moment of that night were his
vision and his ear withdrawn from the open win-
dow.

It was broad day before forgetfulness cast
her spell over the excited spirits of St. Aubyn,
nor was it broken till light noon. He arose,
emerged from his chamber, and took an anxious
survey of the habitation opposite. The room
appeared empty. He partook of slight repast;
and sallying out, made his way to the shore.—
He had not proceeded far, when, turning a
point, he beheld the elder female, about a hun-
dred yards in advance of him, standing still and
looking anxiously upward toward the cliff. He
followed what appeared to be the direction of her
eyes, and saw the younger, half way up, re-
clining upon her side. Something appeared
to be amiss. He quickened his pace; and
joining the former, learned, from her, that her
daughter, attempting to reach the top of the
cliff, had incautiously turned, and, unaccus-
tomed to look from a height, was prevented by
terror from proceeding or descending; that,
from the same cause, she had slipped down
several feet; and that she, herself, durst not
attempt to go to her assistance. St. Aubyn had
heard enough; he bounded up the steep. As
he approached the fair one, modesty half over-
come terror, and she made a slight effort to
repair the disorder into which her dress had
been thrown by accident. St. Aubyn assisted

to complete what she had effected but imper-
fectly; he encouraged her, raised her, and
propping her fair form with his own, led her,
step by step, down to the beach again. Nor,
when she was in perfect safety, did he with-
draw his assistance—nor did she decline it;
though, as apprehension subsided, confusion
rose, coloring her pale cheek to crimson, at the
recollection of the plight in which she had been
found. Her ankle was slightly sprained, she
said, having turned under her, when she slipped.
What was this, if not a warrant for the proffer
of an arm? At all events, St. Aubyn construed
it as such, escorted the fair stranger, leaning upon
him, back and to her lodgings. From that mo-
ment, a close intimacy commenced. They were
constantly together—sometimes accompanied
by the mother—more frequently, and at last
wholly alone. Communing in solitude, be-
tween the sexes, and in the midst of romantic
scenery, where there is no impediment, no dis-
taste on either side, is almost sure to awaken and
to foster love. St. Aubyn loved. The looks,
the actions, all but the tongue of Amelia assured
him that his passion was returned. Her health
had improved rapidly; the autumn had advanced
and the evenings and nights were growing chill.
The mother and daughter now talked of return-
ing to town; a day was fixed for their depart-
ure: and on the eve of that day, St. Aubyn
threw himself at the feet of the lovely girl, and
implored her to bless him with her hand. Yet,
though she did not deny that he had interested
her—though her eyes and her cheek attested it
—though the hand which was locked in his,
locked his as well—though she seffered him to
draw her toward him, by the tenure of her
graceful waist—still was her reply—"I will not
marry yet."

St. Aubyn did not require to ask if his visits
would be permitted in town—he was invited to
renew them there. An excursion to Paris,
however, on a matter of pressing necessity,
respecting the affairs of a friend, prevented his
return for a month. At the expiration of that
time, he found himself in London; and with a
thrilling heart, repaired to the habitation of
his mistress, on the very evening of his arrival.
The house was lighted up; there was a ball.
He was scarcely dressed for a party; yet he
could not overcome his impatience to behold
again the heroine of the little fishing hamlet.
He rang, at the same moment when a knot of
other visitors came to the door; and entering
along with them, was ushered into a ball-room,
the footman hurriedly announcing the names of
the several parties. The dance was proceed-
ing. It was the whirling waltz—

"The dance of content, else
Forbid! abandoning to the free hand
The sacred waist; while face to face—that breath
Doth kiss with breath, and eye embraceth eye—
Your tranced coil relaxing, straightening—round
And round, in every measure, you entwine
Circle with circle—till the swimming brain
And panting heart, in swoony lapse, give o'er!"

It was the waltz, and the couple consisted of
a man of the town and—Amelia.

The party who had entered with St. Aubyn,
immediately took seats; but he stood, trans-
fixed to the spot where his eyes first caught
the form of his mistress, in the coil of another.
She saw not him. With laughing eyes, and
cheeks, flushed with exertion, she continued
the measure of license, her spirits mounting,
as the music quickened, until she seemed to
float around her partner, who freely availed
himself of the favorable movement of the step to
draw her in momentary pressure. They,
at length, sat down amidst the applause of the
company. St. Aubyn withdrew! He retired to a
quarter of the room where he thought he
should escape observation, and threw himself
into a chair.

"Who think you, now, is the happy man?"
said one of the group of gentlemen who stood
within a few paces of him.

"Why, who, if not Singleton?" replied an-
other; "he has waltzed himself into his heart."
This is the twentieth time I have seen her
dance with him."

"Oh! another will waltz him out of her
heart," interposed a third; "she is an incor-
rigible coquette, from first to last."

Here the party separated. St. Aubyn, scarce-
ly knowing what he did, after sitting abstract-
ed for a few minutes, rose, and passed out of
the ball-room.

He descended the staircase, with the inten-
tion of quitting the house; but the supper-
room had been just thrown open, and the press
carried him in. Nor was he allowed to stop
until he had reached the centre of the table.—
Every seat but two, close to where he stood,
was occupied. "By your leave sir!" said a
voice behind. He stepped back; and the
waiter led his mistress to one of them, and
placed himself beside her. St. Aubyn would
have retreated—but could not without incom-
moding the company who thickly hemmed him
in. Amelia drew her gloves from her white
arms; they little enhanced by covering—the
waiter assisting her, and transferring them to
the custody of his bosom. His eyes explored
the table in quest of the most delicate of the
viands, which one after another, he recommend-
ed to her; until she made a selection. He
filled a wine-glass with sparkling Burgundy, and
presented it to her; then crowned a goblet, till

the liquid almost overhung the brim—breathed
her name over it in a sigh—quaffed it off to the
bottom, at a draught. He leaned his cheek to
her's, till the neighbors almost touched. He
whispered her—and she replied in whispers—
He passed his arm over the back of her chair,
partly supplanting it in the office of supporting
her shoulders. He pressed so close to her,
that it would have been the same had both been
sitting in one seat. She was unconscious of the
familiar vicinity, or she permitted it. The
whispering continued; the word "marriage,"
was uttered—repeated again. St. Aubyn heard
her distinctly reply, "I will not marry yet;" as
she rose, and, turning, him face to face!

"St. Aubyn!" she involuntarily exclaimed.
St. Aubyn spoke not; save with his eyes, which
he kept fixed steadfastly upon her.

"When did you arrive?" she inquired hur-
riedly, and in extreme confusion.

"This evening," replied St. Aubyn, without
removing his eyes.

"When did you join our party?"

"While you were waltzing," returned St.
Aubyn, with a smile.

"And how long have you been standing
here?"

"Since supper commenced; I made way
for your partner to hand you to that seat, and
placed himself beside you."

"You have not supped? sit down, and I will
help you."

"No!" said St. Aubyn, shaking his head,
and smiling again.

"My mother has not seen you yet! Come
and speak to her."

"No; I have not a moment to spare. I
leave town immediately."

"When?"

"To-night!—Farewell!" said he turning to
go.

"You surely are not going yet?" earnestly in-
terposed Amelia.

"I must not stay," emphatically rejoined
St. Aubyn. "For one object alone I came to
town. That is finally disposed of. The ne-
cessity for my departure is imperative. Re-
member me to your mother. Good night!" he
added, moving towards the door.

"Have you been well?" she inquired almost
tremulous. He continued his progress as fast
as the throng permitted him, affecting not to
hear her. She followed, laid her hand upon
his arm, and stopped him.

"You surely are not well now," she said, in
a tone of solicitude.

"No," he replied, passing on till he reached
the door.

"St. Aubyn!" she exclaimed, heedless of
those who surrounded her, "stay a little long-
er!—an hour—half an hour—the quarter of an
hour."

St. Aubyn stopped; and turning, looked up-
on her, with an expression so tender, yet so
stern, that she half shrank as she met his gaze.

"Not a moment," he replied; "I should only
be a clog upon your pastime. I do not
waltz!"

Then snatched her hand, raised it to
his lips—kissed it—and dropping it, hurried
down the staircase, and departed.

Amelia, at once perceived the awkwardness
of her situation, recovered her self-possession
and with well-dissembled mirth, affected to
laugh.

"A poor lunatic," she exclaimed, "whom I
pity, notwithstanding his extravagant aberrations
of mind. He is innocent, in his madness.—
But come, let us forget him."

The dance was resumed. She was the queen
of the mirthful hour that shone, surpassing all.
She laughed, she challenged, outdid herself—
her spirit towered the more, the more the revel
waned. Party after party dropped off; still
she kept it up till she was left utterly alone—
and then she rushed to her chamber, and cast
herself upon a couch—dissolved in tears.

She loved St. Aubyn. Vanity had been
touched before—but never sentiment, till she
visited the little fishing hamlet on the coast of
Devonshire. At first, she could not persuade
herself that St. Aubyn would not return—but
a month set that point perfectly at rest. She
dropped. Society, amusement, nothing could
rouse her into her former self. Her partner in
the waltz in vain solicited her to stand up with
him again. She declined the honor; his visits
were discouraging. Her mother anxiously
watched the depression of spirits that had taken
possession of her, and seemed daily to increase.

The winter passed without improvement—the
spring. Summer set in; bloom and fruit re-
turned—but cheer was a stranger to her heart.
Change of scene was recommended. She was
asked to make choice of the place whither she
would go—she replied, with a sigh, "to the
little fishing hamlet."

She and her mother arrived there early on
Sunday morning; and re-occupied the identi-
cal lodging which they had taken before. The
landlady, a kind hearted creature, expressed
her surprise and sorrow at the altered appear-
ance of her young lodger.

"Ah, the young man would be sorry to see
this—though he has had his turn of sickness
too; but he is now quite recovered."

"Mr. St. Aubyn?" breathlessly inquired A.
melia.

"Yes!" replied the landlady, "that same
handsome kind young gentleman."

"Merciful heaven! is he here?" she vehem-
ently demanded.

"He is, my lady," returned the landlady.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, as she turned
on the latter a look in which pleasure was pain-
ed, for the first time since the momentous
night of the ball. "Where does he lodge?"
asked Amelia, turning to the landlady.

"In the same place. He came back, about
a month after he left," added the landlady.—
"Poor young gentleman!" she continued, "we
all thought he had come to die amongst us—so
pale so melancholy. He would keep com-
pany with no one—would speak to no one, and
at last he took fairly to his bed."

Amelia laid her head upon her hand, cover-
ing her eyes; her tears had begun to flow.

"But the daughter of our neighbor, who had
a rich brother that sent his niece to school, and
had determined to adopt her—having complet-
ed her time, came upon a visit to her father,
shortly after the return of the young gentleman,
and her mother made her read to him constant-
ly, to divert him; and he grew fond of listening
to her; and well he might, for a sweet young
creature she is, and at last his health took a
turn; and he was able to quit his bed, and to
walk, as he used with you, my lady, rambling,
whole hours, along the shore with her."

The eyes of Amelia were now lifted to the
landlady's face. Her tears were gone, all but
the traces of them, they seemed as if they were
glazed. The landlady had paused at the sound
of several voices and a kind of bustle without;
and now ran to the window.

"Come hither, ladies!" said she, "they are
just coming out!"

Amelia, by a convulsive effort, rose, and
hastily approached the window with her moth-
er.

"Here they come!" resumed the landlady,
"and this is the end of my story. The young
gentleman, at last, fell in love with his sweet
young nurse, and offered to marry her. She
had already fallen in love with him; she ac-
cepted him, and this very morning they are
going to church. There they are! look! did
you ever see so sweet a sight? What a couple!
God bless them! They were made for one
another!"

The landlady started and looked around.—
Amelia had fallen in a swoon upon the floor.—
With difficulty they recovered her. In an hour
her mother was on her way with her from the
little fishing hamlet.

In a month she dressed her in a shroud!

TEN UPON ELEVEN.

We some time since related a story of a jock-
ied Frenchman. As an offset, we now give
one of a jockeying Frenchman. This like the
former, turns upon the sale of a horse, and also
like that, has its scene away South.

Mon. Jarvais, the Frenchman, had a steed
for sale, which he recommended as one ver fine
hannimalle—one horse elegant extraordinaire."

How old do you call him? asked the pur-
chaser.

How old? said the Frenchman—Vy, sare,
he is sumsen like ten upon eleven.

Not older?

No, sair, he is no oldair vat I tell you.

On your honor!

Oui, sare, on me very sacred honor, vat me
telly you is the trute—he is no oldre as ten up-
on eleven; Me no cheaty you avec de azghe
de horse. He is no mote as vat I tell you.

The horse was purchased, under the full be-
lief that he was no more than ten or eleven
years old. But the new owner was a short time
afterwards told, by a judge of horse flesh, that
he had got monstrously bitten by the French-
man in regard to the age of the steed, which
was at least twice as old as he had purchased
him for.

Upon this he went in a great fury to the
Frenchman, and exclaimed:

Confound your French tongue! that horse
is twice as old as you said.

Sare, exclaimed Jarvais, with well feigned as-
tonishment.

Sare! I'll sare you, you lying, smooth
tongued scoundrel.

Me lie! me one scoundrill! Vat, for you ac-
cuse me, sare? ha? You is one grand impu-
dence. Be gar! you come here to curse me
for lie! be gar!

You needn't bristle up to me, Monseer, I can
eat up two Frenchmen just like you at one
meal.

Diable! Vat! you enty me—you one Diable!
dam! You be one savage—one vild animalle
brute, be gar!

There's no use in all that, Monseer. You're
a lying villain; you told me a cock and a bull
story about the age of that horse which is all
no such thing.

Be gar! so 'tis no such thing; 'tis no bull
and cock, vat for me salls you de horse. Sare,
you lie—

What?

Under one mistake, sare; one grand mistake.
I say nothing at all vat about a bull and cock, I
sell him you horse. Mon Dieu!

But you cheated me in the age. The horse
as I am credibly informed is at least twenty, if
not twenty-one years old.

Oui, oui, dat is de azghe; yes sare dat is
what I call him.

"The devil it is! you told me he was ten or eleven.
No, I not tell you he ten or eleven.—
Dat is one grand mistake, sare. Dat leetle vord you put in, Me no put him dere. Me say de horse ten upon eleven.

Well, what's the difference?
Difference! Be gar! you one Anglish A-meerican, and you not know the difference tell betwix one Anglish vord? Or—he no upon—upon he no or. Me no Anglish; but, sare, dare one grand difference betwix de two leetle vord.

I know there's a difference," a replied the purchaser, "but you meant to cheat me in the age of the horse; you meant I should understand you ten or eleven."

Sare, returned the Frenchman, cooly, "dere is vera you make de grand mistake. I telly you de horse he vns ten upon eleven; dat is vat me understand ten more eleven—vat you call one and de twenty."

But you meant to deceive me," said the purchaser, doggedly.

"Deceiv you! Mon Dieu! me deceiv you, one Americain Yankee, vat cheat de diable."

Be gar. Me sell honest horse for what you call von and de twenty; 'tis not de cart dat you put de horse afore; de honest age of de horse is vat I telly you; ten or eleven! and begar you find him so.

From the Eastern Argus.

"With all the sufferings we have had,—all the depression in business and calamities resulting from the bad acts of bad men, we are to have more tinkering with the Currency."

The preceding statement is from the Gazette of yesterday. We agree with that paper that the calamities alluded to were occasioned by the "bad acts of bad men." We have always thought, and still think that "the pressure" was deliberately planned by the managers of the U. S. Bank, who, aided by their hired agents and pensioned presses, had boldness enough to execute what they had had the wickedness to conceive. They are the "bad men," of whose "bad acts" the country has a right to complain. They are the real currency tinkers of the land—and they have not yet given over the business.

We fear with the Gazette that we are to have "more tinkering with the currency." The Bankers seem trying to get up another panic. Appearances indicate that another suspension is in contemplation—that an appeal is again to be made to the sufferings rather than the reason of men—and that the attempt is to be repeated to torture the people into the belief that a great regulator of the currency is absolutely necessary. Taken in this sense, we have no fault to find with the preceding paragraph from the Gazette. Such is not, however, the meaning intended by that paper. Its object, doubtless, was, to reiterate the absurd story, which it has often before told, that "the distress" was mainly occasioned by the celebrated "Removal of the Deposits," during the Administration of Jackson. How absurd is this notion we need not now say. The Argus has already met it, time and again, with a full and prompt denial, and has endeavored, we hope not entirely without success, to demonstrate its absurdity. We will, however, introduce to the Gazette a witness of its own political faith. It may, perhaps, hear him. We, therefore, call to the stand Mr. Hildreth, of Boston, who we learn from the Boston Post, is one of the "putative editors" of the Boston Atlas. Mr. Hildreth, sometime in 1837, published a "History of Banks," in which he thus speaks of the much-abused "Removal of the Deposits."

"Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, that act of the President's was clearly legal; and if we recollect that the charter of the Bank was to expire in less than three years and that it was necessary seasonably to arrange some other system for the keeping and disbursement of the public moneys, we shall be inclined to pronounce that celebrated removal, not only an act of punishment, but an act of prudence."

In another part of the same volume, too, we find the following account of the origin of the distress and suffering mourned over by the Gazette:

"The progress of business had created a brisk demand for capital; money was already beginning to be tight, when the sudden withdrawal of accommodations on the part of the Bank, produced a sudden pressure. That pressure produced a degree of alarm; for all the pressures of which the present generation of merchants had had any experience, were of that kind which were caused by, and which indicated, an unsound condition of business."

The curtailment of the National Bank, was followed by a curtailment on the part of the local banks, necessary in some parts of the country where the banks, in the enjoyment of a local monopoly, had a very extensive circulation; very necessary on the part of some of those banks, which had reason to dread the hostility of the National Bank; but caused in some parts of the country, particularly in New England, or at least aggravated, not so much out of any actual necessity, as from that spirit of servile and submissive obedience with which the local banks had long been drilled and taught to follow the motions and be governed by the signals of the lord high admiral of the fleet.

The pressure increased. The Bank declared that it had been wholly caused by the removal of the deposits; and that measure became the subject of energetic remonstrance on the part of the merchants. The opposition to the administration took fresh courage, the leaders held council, and it was resolved to avail themselves of the present excited state of the public mind, to make a desperate attack upon their enemies.

Once more the standard of the Bank, floated high in air, and a gallant band mustering from

far and near, shouted for the rescue. To work up the courage and the enthusiasm of this forlorn hope to the pitch of desperation, it was judged necessary to aggravate the panic and distress, by every possible means. Public meetings were collected, speeches were made, resolutions were passed, the newspapers teemed with the most exciting and inflammatory appeals, Sundays and working days, it was all one. Long lists of failures were ostentatiously paraded; and most terrible stories were told about the rate of interest; even the boldest were more or less alarmed. This alarm produced its natural effect; prices fell, and business came to a stand. So matters remained as long as Congress continued in session. But the firmness or obstinacy of the President, and the steadiness of his political supporters, proved more than a match for the fierce onslaught of the assailants; and notwithstanding the desertion of several officers high in command, and of divers squads of the rank and file, the President achieved a victory, not less signal so far as courage and generalship were concerned, than that victory at New Orleans, for which he was indebted to his subsequent elevation.

Congress adjourned without granting any of that relief, which some of the newspaper had advised the people to enforce, at the point of the bayonet! From the moment of the adjournment, the panic was at an end, and business rapidly regained its former vivacity.

We commend the extracts to the especial consideration of the Gazette—and to the consideration too, of all those who are constantly carping at the Administration, for its pretended "war upon the merchants." They explain the true secret of "the pressure," just as it has ever been explained by Democratic prints, & just as every cool observer is now satisfied it should be explained. Whatever else the Mercantile interests of the country have to complain of, they certainly have no cause to find fault with the Democratic measures of the last ten years. On the contrary, every body knows, that the efforts of Gen. Jackson, and the wise policy which he pursued, did more than the exertions of any preceding administration, to secure the rights of American Commerce, and elevate the mercantile character of the country.

The subjoined remarks of the progress of the democratic principle, are taken from an article in the Christian Review, a monthly periodical, devoted to the interests of the Baptist denomination of Christians, and edited by Professor Sears of the Newton Theological Institution:

"To be convinced of the fact that the democratic principle is making steady progress in the world, we need only to cast our eyes over Christendom. We know of nothing, which is receiving fuller confirmation by the events that are brought to light every year. One can hardly open a newspaper, without gathering fresh evidence that the people are 'rising up as a great lion.' They are beginning to understand, as never before, the important doctrine, that every man can best take care of his own interest and his own affairs. And, understanding it, they show a growing boldness and disposition to enforce its practice."

"There is plainly, a new, and a widening, and a deepening current of free thought, flowing through the popular mind, before which oppression, and all sort of abuses fall, as it smitten by a supernatural arm. There is a wide spread conviction fastened upon the people, that all men are essentially equal, that the rights of one are just as important as those of another, that the happiness of one is as dear as that of another, the liberty of one as precious; and the conscience of one as sacred and inviolate, as that of another. Disciples to this creed are rapidly multiplying in every section of the christianized world. The people are everywhere awaking to the undeniable truth, that, absolutely, all political power and authority rightfully emanates from them. Themselves they consider as the only source whence these can flow, in opposition to the principle of their flowing from one, as in absolute monarchy; or their flowing from the few, as in aristocracy. And in almost every country, in which these latter principles are in vogue, or constitute the basis of government, there the democratic principle is arraying itself in stern conflict with them. Led on, as it seems to us, by a divine hand, the people are contending for, and establishing one after another, doctrines favorable to universal liberty; and designed to place in every man's hand,—be he ever so poor and humble,—that which is his birthright, the civil right of doing just what it pleases, provided that he invades not the similar rights of his neighbor. With this only provision, he is in form his own opinions upon politics, mature his own belief in religion, pursue his own business, make choice of his own pleasures, in one word, be the sole independent arbiter of his own conduct. The people are steadily asserting their claim to govern themselves. And thus, if any tax is needed, they insist upon the right of saying how much shall be levied. If any law is to be passed, they declare that their influence shall be felt, directly or indirectly, in passing it. If any groundless change be made in the leading principles of those who administer the affairs of State, they assert their privilege to speak in loud terms through the ballot box, and thus designate others to succeed the offenders against the popular will. Success! indeed, has not invariably crowned these efforts. Oppression still exists; abuses are yet numerous. Much remains to be done. But, generally, the people are becoming fully aware of their prerogatives, and feel disposed to stand by them manfully."

"What we have now stated, as generally descriptive of the progress which the democratic principle is making in the christian world, must agree, we think, with every reader's observation. Were it necessary, it would be easy to establish all that has been said. Were we to consult the leading journals of the times, we should be continually reminded of the great fact, that, where, as a few centuries since, governments were carried on mainly by court intrigues, and the cabals of prime ministers and royal favorites, whose machinelike tortuosity the people could not trace, and whose dark meaning they could not fashion, now, it is necessary, that "prince encounter prince, state encounter state, and faction contend with faction, on the broad arena of representative chambers, and through the open controversies of a nosparring press." Intrigues in courts and cabinets there may be yet, but they are frank in their nature, and impotent in their result, and compared with the dark, and complicated, and perilous machinations of former times, when the dearest interests of the people were managed by a few favorites of the king, whose chief aim, like Mirabeau's, in making words the disguise of their thoughts, and thus, effectually, hiding their measures from the public eye. But the age, for conducting the affairs of state is knavish darkness is gone. The time for governing a nation by secret cabal is past. There is a spirit abroad, that demands every thing relative to government to be done in open day. And the main cause of this change is of course, attributable to the ascendancy of popular control, the vigilance of the press, the publicity of all state documents, and above all the necessity there is, of fighting every political battle before the eyes of the people, either on the floor of a house of representatives, or, as before observed, through the columns of a perfectly free and unshackled press."

From the New Era.
MR. VAN BUREN.

If the President was in reality so ambitious of power as his enemies represent him to be, how happens it that he did not adopt the "Whig" scheme of re-chartering the United States Bank? Its strength was next to omnipotence, and its influence would have increased executive patronage to an enormous extent. He who denies this is deficient in common sense. And yet the President, believing such an institution to be unconstitutional, and fraught with danger to the liberties of the people, preferred encountering its mighty hostility to courting its support. Men very seldom resist power, unless actuated by principle. Politicians are generally the last men to provoke vast combinations of interest and wealth against themselves. If they cannot conscientiously approve they are too prone to maintain silence. No man can charge Mr. Van Buren with this fault. His banner has been broadly unfurled. His most vindictive enemies have ceased in very shame to raise against him the cry of "non-committal." His views and opinions have neither been concealed nor disguised. We have heard more than one "Whig" freely admit that the "Magician" was after all a frank man. They will admit much more after his re-election. They will then have no motive for opposing him. They will then judge his administration fairly, and bestow all their animosity upon whomsoever the democracy may turn their eyes to as his successor.

Not only did Mr. Van Buren take a firm stand against the mighty associated monopoly of the U. S. Bank, but when the State Banks suspended payment, and embarrassed the government by withholding from it the people's money, he openly urged that they should not be trusted with it in future. This bold stand was very little in the spirit of "non-committal." These banks formed a powerful cordon. They had woven their fetters around our people. They resorted to entreaty. The "Magician" was firm. They resorted to menace. The heart of the "Magician" did not shake, nor did his cheek turn pale. They commenced active hostilities against him. The timid shrank from him, the false and the faithless deserted him,—deluded men fell off from the Republican party during the pressure and the panic, thick as the autumn leaves which the storm sweeps from the forest. The "Magician" bared his breast to the tempest. He trembled not at the combined hostility of the open foe and the false friend. He felt that he was doing his duty, and he knew that even if his administration should be put down by the arts of the opposition, posterity would do him justice. Fortunately he has not been obliged to wait for that tardy reward. The "sober second thought of the people" has already done the work. The day of error and delusion has past. The mists are dispersed, and in spite of the intrigues, the machinations and the lamentation of the Federal presses, and their aristocratic patrons, MARTIN VAN BUREN WILL BE RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT BY AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY! Our life upon the issue.

MR. VAN BUREN vs. FEDERALISM. We have seldom read a more eloquent or effective appeal to the patriotism of the people, against the machinations of federalism, than the address of the democratic members of the New York legislature to their constituents, during the last war. The address was drawn by Mr. Van Buren. After describing the opposition of the federal party to every measure of the government, the address most eloquently proceeds: "To crown this picture of folly and of mischief, the (federalists) approach you under a garb which at once evinces their contempt for your understanding, and their total want of confidence in your patriotism; under a garb which should receive the most distinct marks of your detestation; they are 'friends of peace.' While our enemies are waging against us a cruel and bloody war, they cry 'Peace.' While our western wilds are whitening with the bones of our murdered women and children

while their blood is yet trickling down the walls of their former habitations—while the Indian war-whoop and the British drum are in unison—saluting the ears, and the British dagger and the Indian tomahawk suspended over the heads of our citizens—at such a time, when the soul of every man who has sensibility to feel his country's wrongs, and spirit to defend her rights, should be in arms—it is that cry PEACE!—While the brave American tar, the intrepid defender of our rights, and redeemer of our national character, the present boast and future honor of our land, is impressed by force into a service he detests, which compels a brother to imbue his hands in a brother's blood, while he is yet 'tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his roars with those tempests less savage than his persecutors, that wait him to a returnless distance from his family and his home'—it is at such a period, when there is no peace, when there can be no peace, without sacrificing every thing valuable, that our feelings are inviolated, the public arm paralyzed, and the public ear stunned, by the dastardly and incessant cry of PEACE! What, fellow citizens, must be the opinion which they entertain of you, who thus assail you? Can any man be so stupid as not to perceive that it is an appeal to your fears, to your avarice, and to all the baser passions which actuate the human heart? that it is approaching you in the manner in which alone those puny politicians who buzz about you, and thicken the political atmosphere, say you are accessible, through your fears and your pockets? Can any American citizen be so profligate as not to spurn indignantly the base label upon his character?

"Suffer yourselves not to be deceived by the pretence, that because Great Britain has been forced by her subjects to make qualified repeal of her orders, our government ought to abandon her ground. That ground was to resist two great crying grievances, the destruction of our commerce, and the imprisonment of our seamen. The latter is the most important, in proportion as we prefer the liberty and lives of our citizens to their property. Distrust, therefore, the man who could advise your government at any time, and more especially at this time—when your brave sailors are exciting the admiration, and forcing the respect of an astonished world, when their deeds of heroic valor make old ocean smile at the humiliation of her ancient tyrant—at such a time, we say again, mark the man who would countenance government in COMMUTING OUR SAILORS' RIGHTS, FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR MERCHANTS' GOODS."

The Argus revived has made its appearance and looks very neat. We shall see by and by, which is the real Simon Pure. It seems to read a good deal as the Argus did when Mr. Berry published it before, and Mr. Smith was the editor. [Kennebec Journal.]

If F. O. J. Smith's Argus revived, is in fact so much like the Eastern Argus when published by I. Berry & Co., it is queer that the Journal editor should be so well pleased with it! He used to denounce this Argus when edited by Smith, (whom he then, in his usual classic style denominated as "the squating gentleman," in no very gentle terms. Take the two following specimens.

From the Kennebec Journal Aug 13, 1831.

"(It (an article in the Argus) is a FORGERY, and is exposed as such by the Advertiser. Yet the Argus of a subsequent date makes no correction, attempts no explanation. F. O. J. Smith is the reputed editor of the Argus. Does he expect to be re-elected to Congress by such rascals as this?"

The Journal of September 16, 1835, speaking of an article which appeared in the Argus, in relation to James F. Otis, says:

"Had the Argus been received a little sooner, its mischievous purpose might have been accomplished. Every generous mind will appreciate the atrocious villainy of such a base attempt upon the life of a fellow citizen and neighbor."

Charges of forgery and intended murder are pretty serious charges. We are glad that the editor of the Journal was only joking when he made them against the Eastern Argus; and that while pretending to hold a very bad opinion of that old Republican organ, he was in fact so much delighted with it, that he is now almost in ecstasy at the anticipation of another paper like it, in which anticipation, by the way, he is quite sure to be disappointed. This repentance and confession come at rather a late day; but as the old saying is, "better late than never." [Age.]

The Boundary.—The following is an extract from a London letter in the Quebec Gazette, dated June 12.

"I think you may take it as certain that a special convention has either left this country or will speedily be sent to America, for arranging the basis of a settlement of the disputes with the government of the United States, relative to the Boundary question."

Her Majesty's advocate, Sir John Dodson, has, for some time been engaged in drawing up Convention, which, I am told, is in strict conformity with the instructions sent to the American minister at our Court.

The other mentioned facts I am not at liberty at present to communicate. But I think the knotty point is in a fair train of arrangement."

Hail.—A few days since, a hail storm of unprecedented violence, passed through Lunenburg, Pittsfield and several adjacent towns in Ns. Many of the hail-stones are said to have been six inches in circumference. The crops are in some places almost entirely ruined. About 450 panes of glass were destroyed in the West Becket Hotel.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 23, 1837.

Oxford Democratic Convention.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and Plantations in the County of Oxford are requested to send the usual number of Delegates to a Convention to be held at the Court House in Paris, on Wednesday, the fourteenth day of August next at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators and County Treasurer, to be supported at the ensuing election.

Per order of the County Committee.
Paris, July 1, 1839.

FEDERAL PRETENSIONS.

How preposterous it sounds to hear the federalists talk about and lay claim to fixed political principles. Every person who has any acquaintance with their history & course for the last twenty years, knows that their principles consist in nothing but a bitter and unrelenting hostility to the national administration,—a deadly hatred to every person who receives the confidence and support of the Democracy, and a most bitter opposition to every measure which originates with and is for the benefit of the people. In fact, opposition to every thing and every measure which does not originate with them, or is not for the exclusive benefit of some particular class or corporation. They also profess to be great friends to the people, more especially when an election is near at hand. If to rebel against the whole laws of the land, made for the protection of the rights and privileges, prosperity and happiness of every person in the community—if to rake heaven and earth to create panics and spread misery through the land, makes them the friends of the people, then have they the sole and exclusive right to the name. They profess too to be patriots. If to reduce the government to temporary bankruptcy—if to persevere in a uniform opposition to all the measures proposed by the democracy for the safety of the country, and the protection of the rights and liberties of its citizens—if to goad the nation into a war with a foreign power, & then harass, cripple, and embarrass the government to the utmost of their power, and reduce it to the brink of ruin if all this is patriotism, then indeed are the federalists patriots.

[FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]
MAINE MILITIA SYSTEM.
No. VI.

Mr. Editor,—I purpose in the present number to notice an evil which has long existed, connected with our Militia System, which owes its origin to custom. I mean the practice of treating with ardent spirits. This, it must be acknowledged by all, has been, and still is, an evil of vast magnitude; though by the efforts of the friends of temperance for a few years past it has been in a small degree checked. Notwithstanding this, it is an evil which exists, even now, and which is greatly to be deplored by every patriot and philanthropist. I shall give some general reasons why I think it ought to be abolished and done away with, and in doing this, shall be as brief as possible. In the first place, it is a large bill of expense to militia officers, and has a corrupting influence upon elections. It has been a custom, generally, upon all occasions of Military Elections, for the successful candidate to treat, from the highest down to the lowest in rank; and the cases have been numerous where honest, but poor men, having been promoted to stations of honor and trust in the Militia, have suffered severely in a pecuniary point of view, in consequence of their pockets being drained to answer the demand of a foolish fashion. Here we may properly remark that the fashion has often been the cause of base corruption. In many cases the man who would furnish the most liquor and get the most drunk, would be sure to succeed—and it has almost universally been the case that unless the candidate would guarantee to furnish means to satisfy the depraved appetites of all with whom he is concerned, he would be sure to get defeated. If a temperance man is started for an office he is almost sure to get defeated, even if he is possessed of superior qualifications. In this way this worse than foolish practice has been kept up. A very large majority of all commissioned officers have been elected to their several stations by the combined influence of brandy, rum, and gin, consequently they feel bound to practice accordingly, by furnishing these deadly poisons to all who will partake of, and use them. Thus, at almost every election, inspection, or review, we see commissioned officers expending their money (while perhaps in some cases their families at home are suffering for the want of suitable food and clothing) to furnish "light fire, and distilled damnation," to all around them. Again, it prevents soldiers from improving in military discipline, and leads to rude and disorderly behavior. Every person who has done the duties of a Citizen Soldier, can bear witness to the truth of this assertion. We all know the influence of ardent spirit upon the man who partakes of it. He is no longer the man, but becomes changed into the brute—he ceases to be governed longer by reason, or a sense of propriety.

It is a fact, too notorious to be denied, that in almost every company there are men, who, when furnished with the means, will get intoxicated. Now let us look at the consequences—a company is on parade, among its members are three, four, or half a dozen so drunk that they know not what they are about, and of course care as little. I ask how can men while in this condition improve in Military science or discipline?—The answer is obvious, they learn nothing themselves, and are a real pest and nuisance to all their comrades around them. They make the whole company a "broach and bye word" in the mouths of every beholder. It is impossible for a company with one drunken soldier in its ranks to appear martial-like and respectable; for in order to do this, every soldier must know what he is about and be ambitious to excel.

What is more inconsistent than for men who are vested with command, and solemnly sworn faithfully to perform their duty, to destroy the natural ability of those under their authority, to perform the duties enjoined upon them? Instead of improving them in discipline, they satiate their depraved appetites, inflame their worst passions, and fit them to be guilty of deeds of wickedness, dark as the "black flags of Hell."

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The next reason I shall notice why this practice ought to be done away, is, that it makes many sober, virtuous men, who are enrolled in the Militia, drunkards. It is a dangerous thing to place men, especially those who are young, credulous, and unsuspecting, in the way of temptation. Those who have seen but little of the world and its allurements, the various snares and temptations with which they are surrounded, are oftentimes allured from the paths of rectitude and plunged into the gulf of interminable ruin.
Most forcibly will these remarks apply themselves to the case of the young man who enters the ranks of the Militia. Perhaps his character is as fair and spotless as the "fleece snow," the cup passes around, his strict moral principles—perhaps instilled into his breast by a pious and faithful mother—prompt him to refuse to put the poisonous beverage to his lips. Upon this, he is coaxed, urged, and persuaded to drink, and if this method fails, jeered and sneered at, as being a hypocrite, a cold-water-man, odd, and superstitious. This, he thinks, is more than he can bear; he yields, he drinks, and with thousands, this has been the first step in that downward road which leads to, and ends in the drunkard's grave.
An appetite thus created, "grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength," while he finally hugs the monster to his bosom, till with his poisonous fangs, he severs the brittle thread of his earthly existence, and brings him to an untimely end. Who can tell the number of that vast army who have been thus decloyed from the paths of virtue, to those of vice, solely in consequence of the temptations which have been set before them in the way and manner above described! Answer reader, if you can.
Again, men who have partially contracted inebriate habits, find in the means of which we are speaking, something directly calculated to strengthen them. They are, by these means, hurried on in their vicious habits and encouraged to continue in them.
The last general reason I shall give why this practice ought to be abolished, is its bad effects upon society in general. If the intemperate use of ardent spirits is an evil, then, encouraging the use of it, either in a public, or private way, is exerting a pernicious influence upon society; and the more public men are in drinking, and countenancing the practice, the more poisonous is the influence they exert upon those around them.
It is a well known fact, that upon all occasions of Military parade, inspection, or review, there are many who gather to these places, merely as spectators, and among this number generally a larger portion are young persons and children. Ofttimes upon these occasions all are invited to drink both old and young. Mark the result. The temptation presented overcomes the weak judgement of the young, unprotected as many of them are by their parents or guardians, they taste and drink, and many do this till they become intoxicated. I have seen little boys urged by monsters in human shape to drink till they become dead drunk. I have seen young men led on by their seniors in years visit the decanter till they were in the same condition, and I have often seen numbers of men so much intoxicated that they were lying about under the fences and by the sides of the road entirely unconscious of all that was passing around them.
If such sights as these are not revolting to the virtuous feelings of the heart, then must a man's soul be fright as the Northern zephyr, and his moral sensibilities as hard and insensible as adamant. Again, if we turn aside to calculate the amount of evil done the whole community by this practice, we are lost in amazement at its enormity and magnitude. Who can calculate it? Who can tell the grief and count the tears of the tender and affectionate Wife as she sits reflecting upon her sorrows, and waiting the return of a drunken husband from training. After he becomes intoxicated "free gratis," he goes home to curse and to abuse and perhaps kill his wife or children. Witness the grey hairs of a parent "brought down with sorrow to the grave," by the ruin of a son, who has fallen in the hour of temptation. But I must stop.—The most vivid picture that could be drawn by fancy and imagination could not portray one half the evil arising from this custom.
It is high time for the community to take up to a proper consideration of this subject. Let men who are the friends of temperance and good order come out and show their true colours—disapprove both by precept and example this ruinous practice. Intemperance that "engine of Hell," which is the bane and curse of every thing that is good and virtuous is essentially aided and encouraged by this practice of treating with ardent spirit by Military men, and could they but see the incalculable amount of evil they are by so doing bringing upon themselves, their companions in arms, and the whole community, they would be constrained by the gnawings of a guilty conscience to abandon the custom now and forever.
July 12th, 1833. J. J. P.

For the Democrat.
PROCEEDINGS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S COUNTY LYCEUM.
The young men of Oxford County met on the 16 inst. agreeable to adjournment in the Court House on Paris Hill. The members of the Society were not all present, although some who were present exhibited a very commendable degree of zeal and interest in the grand object of the Society by coming from so great a distance to attend to the delights and duties of a Lyceum. The audience, although the Court House was not crowded, as it was at the former meeting, was, nevertheless, composed of a good number of the intelligent and respectable of both sexes. We were happy to see so many Ladies present. If they were aware how much the young men coveted their presence on such occasions, no one of them would be absent were it possible to attend.
The President called the Lyceum to Order, and after the admission of several members to the Society, Mr. Gerry of Waterford delivered a Dissertation on the value and importance of Institutions similar to Lyceums, which was listened to with much respect. We have not heard any expression of opinion on this performance; but we heard nothing in saying that the Essay was well written and well spoken. This Gentleman is clear and methodical in his arrangement of a subject; consequently this Essay had a beginning—a middle & an end. The beginning disclosed the facts, showing the im-
portance of Lyceums.—The middle gave a lucid idea of the objections against and the reasons in favor of Lyceums—and the conclusion contained several quotations from Learned Authors on the beneficial results of Forensic Disputation & the consequent incitement to inquiry. The above speaks highly in praise of the Gentleman from W. not only for his methodical arrangement but also, for his argument. If we should attempt to find fault with any portion of the gentlemen's performance we would do it by way of suggestion, and say to Friend G. regulate the pitch of your voice and the ardor of your soul, according to the character of your subject and the difficulty of making your audience hear.
We have not time or room to notice the next performance as it deserves. It was a debate as was announced in the Democrat on the question "Is it probable that our Government will be a Republic five hundred years hence." The Discussion was opened by Mr. Frenchie who acquitted himself with much credit. He founded his argument in favor of the probable continuance of our government as a Republic, on the intelligence of the people—the growing spirit of Liberty—the diffusion of knowledge—and the progress of Christianity. Mr. Kimball followed Mr. F. in the Negative; and he surprised one at least, that so young a man, as he appeared to be, should speak so clear and forcible. He argued the improbability of the question by precedent, referring to Greece and Rome and other Antiquated fallen Republics—the inclination of man to change—the dissensions of Party—and the corruption of elections. Mr. Herring followed on the Affirmative; but employed no new arguments, contenting himself with a brief elucidation of some of those already given. This gentleman according to appearance has ideas in store; and we hope that an attendance on this Lyceum may bring them out, that others may enjoy them as well as himself. Mr. Harlow next spoke in the Neg., and in addition to the arguments already given, mentioned the evil of Slavery—the tendency of every Republic to monarchy or account of the rich becoming richer and the poor poorer, and the influence of associated Wealth. This gentleman has many good ideas; and that he, as well as others might reap the full benefit of them, we would suggest to him the propriety of repeating what he has to say; or reading after having written it, especially if he wishes to arrive at ease and fluency of speech. Mr. Frenchie rejoined to the remarks of Messrs Kimball and Harlow and stated among other things that we need not fear the corruption of the Press, if recent examples afforded any data for judgment and prediction, especially, while old Oxford, as in a late case, is on the watch Towers of Democracy, denying the least association with, or justification of corruption; and asserting the intelligence of the people as the only foundation of Liberty and Republicanism. Mr. Kimball replied in a few brief remarks, leaving the question open for discussion among the other members, when Mr. Perry with all his fervor of youth, combined with strength and confidence, rose and made a short speech in the affirmative—declaring that the Republics of Greece and Rome were not proper precedents—wondering that debaters could not take five minutes without referring to old superannuated Greece and Rome—denying that they were any more like the Republic of America than light was like darkness—and despairing not that the Republic of America would continue five hundred years in as much vigor and strength as it had continued for sixty three years. Mr. Gerry followed and argued the Neg. from the premise that the nature of man was corrupt & evil—and that Greece and Rome were proper precedents; and from the instability of which he would found the non-continuance of the Republic of America. Dr. Brown followed and denied that Greece and Rome were proper precedents, because they had no written Constitution, but were governed by the impulse of leaders—had not the means of diffusing knowledge that we have—and had not the benign influences of Christianity. Mr. Gerry rejoined in a few additional remarks, to which Dr. Brown replied, and the Discussion closed.—The question was taken by yeas and nays and was decided in the affirmative Nemo Con.
This brief recital must not be regarded as doing justice, or even making an approach to the reality of the performance—either in regard to the subject or the actors. I have made out this account of the proceedings not for the purpose of acting the critic merely, or injuring, in the least, the feelings of any one; but for the special purpose of making such remarks on the subjects and speakers as will have a tendency, if observed to improve and correct those things which people in general would notice as errors or inelegancies—both in manner and sentiment, I wish to be considered the friend of every one, especially of every young man, who is attempting to gain distinction in the thorny path of public life. Permit me therefore, if I see fit, on future occasions like the present, to make even more critical remarks on the little errors which I may discover, then I have done on this occasion—knowing that we cannot rid ourselves of faults until we know what they are.
From the celebrity of the two leaders in the next Debate (Gerry and Rand) it is expected a very full audience will attend. We hope that Gentlemen and Ladies from all quarters may be seen honoring these young men with their presence, and giving publicity and character to an Institution which we hope may become the pride and glory of Oxford County.
A LOOKER ON.

OXFORD FOURTH OF JULY TEMPERANCE CELEBRATION.
Agreeable to previous notice, the friends of Temperance in the County of Oxford convened at the Church of the Rev. Mr. Frost in Bethel, where the friends of good order and good morals were highly gratified to see the house not only well filled, but beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens for the occasion. It afforded us no small degree of pleasure to see so much taste displayed, and so much pains taken, by the Temperance Ladies and citizens of that town, in a cause so dear to us. The Convention was organized by the choice of Peter C. Virgin, Esq. of Rumford, for Chairman, and Jarius S. Keith, Esq. of Oxford, for Secretary. After a very appropriate invocation by the Rev. Mr. Davis, of Paris, and music by the Bethel Choir, Mr. Maurice Blake, a late graduate of Bowdoin College, gave us a talented, bold, and very acceptable address. At twelve o'clock the Convention adjourned for one hour, for refreshment. The citizens in the vicinity of, and in the Village, most cheerfully and cordially gave us a plenty of good fare, good cheer, and cold water. In the afternoon, after a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hand, Agent for the Board of American Foreign Missions, several Resolves prepared for the occasion, and presented by the Executive Committee, were freely discussed. The resolve recommending total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks excited a deep interest, and an interesting discussion. The Rev. Mr. Hand, Rev. Mr. Richardson of Gilead, Rev. Mr. Dougless of Waterford, Rev. Mr. Davis of Paris, Rev. Mr. Frost of Bethel, and Messrs. Keith and Perry of Oxford, and Clark of Paris, engaged in the debates and discussions of the afternoon. Mr. Abbot, of Bethel, called up our attention to the first settlement of our country—the days of the Puritans—the battles and sufferings and noble daring of our forefathers, in a few written remarks upon the preamble to the first resolve. Before the Convention separated, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Blake for his very satisfactory address, and a request made for a copy, or extracts from the same, to be published in the *Maine Temperance Gazette*.
A vote of thanks was tendered to the Choir for their very acceptable performances.
A vote of thanks was tendered to the young Ladies of Bethel, for tastefully decorating the Church for the Temperance festival.
Chose Peter C. Virgin of Rumford, Thomas Clark of Paris, and Jarius S. Keith of Oxford, an Executive Committee for the ensuing year.
Recommended that efforts be made for the circulation of the "Maine Temperance Gazette" in the County of Oxford.
Voted to celebrate the next 4th July at Rumford Point.—Comm.

ONE DAY LATER FROM ENGLAND.
By the packet ship Siddons, Capt. Palmer, from Liverpool, June 14, the N. Y. Editors are in possession of London and Liverpool papers one day later than those brought by the Liverpool.
The news is not important. Money was scarce, and the Bank of England was more sparing than ever in her discounts.
In the House of Lords, on the 13th, a petition was presented by Lord Brougham, from the Canadian prisoners—Mr. Parker and others—whose cases had been under discussion in the Courts of Exchequer and Queen's Bench. He spoke some time in favor of the petition, and went into a recital of the circumstances in Parker's case at considerable length.
In the House of Commons the same day a petition was presented from the Catholic Archbishop and priesthood of Tuam, in Ireland, against the national system of education in that part of the kingdom. They claimed the right to regulate and control the education of their flocks. Mr. Law moved that the petition be rejected, on the ground that the assumption of the title "Archbishop of Tuam" was illegal. The petition was rejected, 165 to 82.
Letters from Constantinople of the 22d May state that a division of the Ottoman fleet was to sail far more formidable; 10,000 soldiers, acting as marines, were on board of it. It is added, as the result of a deliberation of 10 hours in the Sultan's Council, that war should be immediately declared against Medemet Ali.
The combined British and French fleets in the Levant, would amount, after the joining of 30 vessels or war in preparation at Toulon, to 65 sail. Admiral Stopford is the British commander. This fleet would, it is said, be divided into two—the one to watch the Turkish; the other the Egyptian naval forces.
A Russian Slave ship has been captured by an English cruiser, and brought to Portsmouth. The Paris dates are of Tuesday, 11th. The Ministry had incurred another defeat in the Chamber of Peers, on some proposition in the law relative to the Legion of Honor. It was opposed by Marshal Soult, and Mr. Villenaut, the Minister of Justice, but prevailed notwithstanding.
Turkey.—The war between Turkey and Egypt is on the point of commencing. The Turkish army 60,000 strong, have crossed the Euphrates at Bir.
The greatest consternation prevails in Egypt. The troops of the Dey have passed on through Alexandria by forced marches, to join Ibrahim Pacha, who with his generals and army are at Aleppo, awaiting the approach of the Sultan's troops. The news from Alexandria, is down to April 28.
A CURIOSITY.—The following copy of a communication from an individual who had been commissioned and qualified to solemnize marriages in this State, we find in the Augusta Age. It is certainly a curiosity.
"To the Governor and Council of the State of Maine:
I herewith return this Commission—as I cannot conscientiously act under it, for the following reasons, viz:
1. Because the institution of Marriage is of Divine origin and human governments have no right to regulate or control it.
2. Because I cannot acknowledge any allegiance to any human government.
3. Because the Gospel of Jesus Christ says, "Swear not at all."
4. Because the Constitution and Laws of the United States and of this State which I am by this called upon to support, sanction wars and slavery, & are founded upon violence and therefore and require the administrators of those laws to assume the prerogative of Him who says "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord."
5. As I repudiate all human Politics, I cannot recognize any human Government by receiving a Commission under the same; consequently I hereby virtually abrogate the oath or affirmation which I received and subscribed on receiving this commission, and withdraw myself from the protection of all human laws.
—5th month, 1st day, 1839."
A Horrible State of things.—It was proved says the Journal of Commerce, by the confession of one of the culprits, that the late disastrous and calamitous fire in Albany which destroyed thousands of property and rendered many poor families homeless, was kindled by three boys on Sunday, to decide a bet of cigars which engine of a certain three would reach the fire first!!

SENSIBLE RECOMMENDATION.—The following judicious advice is copied from the resolutions adopted at a public meeting of the citizens of Woonsocket. Although calculated for the meridian of Rhode Island, it will answer equally well for any of the New England States.
Whereas, it is currently reported that in one of our neighboring villages, "a man" made during the last year \$1500 by minding his own business, and \$500 by letting other people's alone;" therefore,
Resolved, That we recommend to some of the good people in our village to try the experiment, not only as a source of emolument to themselves, but of satisfaction to the neighbors.
Bunker-Hill Monument.—There appears now to be a fair prospect, that the funds necessary for completing the Monument, estimated at \$30,000, together with a further sum of \$10,000 for grading and fencing the grounds, will be speedily raised, and that at no remote period the work will be completed. It has been stated in some of the papers that \$14,000 towards the subject have been offered by four gentlemen of this city—brothers. It is stated that \$500 have been offered by another gentleman—\$1000 by a third, and \$19,000 by a gentleman at the South. These liberal contributions are offered on the condition that the necessary sum shall be obtained to complete the work at once—an object which as we have remarked, there can be little doubt will be attained.—Advertiser.
The notorious W. J. Graves, the murderer of the lamented Cilley and Whig leader in Congress from Kentucky, is a candidate for re-election, and is opposed by Elijah Nuttall, an honest and moral democrat. The whigs having a majority in the district, the responsibility of returning a bloodstained scoundrel rests upon them, should he be elected.—Ohio Pat.
Female Generosity.—"Give me a piece of your bread," said a beggar boy to a beggar girl in the street, as we passed them on our way to dinner yesterday. "I can't," replied the miss, "for they just give it to me in that house, and it is the first I have had since breakfast." "I've had no breakfast nor bread either to day," answered the lad. "Well then, here take a good bite," replied the softer sex, and by George, when the chap opened his mouth for the purpose, we thought that the top part of his head would fall off—it was an all sufficient bite.
FRACAS AND STABBING.—Portland is getting wicked. We yesterday chronicled a robbery to-day we have something worse to notice. A fracas took place last night, near Mt. Joy, in which a colored man, named Williams, was severely stabbed by another colored persons, of the name of John Vincent. The wound is near the centre of the stomach, and Williams, we understand, is not expected to survive—if indeed he is now living. Vincent has been arrested, and is now in jail, awaiting his examination, which will probably occur to-day. The disturbance was made at a Negro Dance Hall, which has been for some time rather a nuisance, and which, we hope, will now be looked to by the proper authorities.—Eastern Argus.
Looking up.—Edward V. Davis, a journeyman printer, has been selected as the democratic candidate for Congress, in the Attakappas district of Louisiana.
The N. O. Sun says that a fish dinner is a fine thing, and so is a good sermon; but there is not one man in a thousand who would not rather eat the dinner than hear the sermon.
NEW REAPING MACHINE.—The farmers in Maryland are using a new reaping machine.—It is a framework with a number of scythes attached, drawn by a horse, and managed by a man, which cuts down the grain, it is said, neater and faster than ten men can bundle it into sheaves.
A young negro recently blew out his brains in New Orleans, because his sweetheart crossed him in love!
MARRIED.
In this town, John Dennett Esq., Mr. Jabez Buck to Miss Abigail G. Marshall both of this town.
DIED.
In Weld, May 9th, of consumption, Mrs. Judith Greenleaf, wife of Mr. Joseph O. Dunmer, and daughter of the late Mr. Richard Dunmer, of Hallowell, aged 49.
Sheriff's Sale.
OXFORD, ss:
TAKEN on Execution, the same having been attached on the original writ and will be sold at public Auction at the Tavern of Jonathan Virgin in Rumford in said County, on Saturday, the Seventeenth day of August next, at one o'clock P. M., all the right in Equity which Erastus P. Poor has to redeem the Stone farm, so called, situated in Andover, the same being under Mortgage to Timothy Walker.
N. B. Further particulars made known at the time and place of sale.
ABEL CHAPMAN, Jr. Dept. Sh'ff.
Rumford July 16th, 1839. 3w40
Sheriff's Sale.
OXFORD, ss:
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public venue at the Store of Joshua Graham in Rumford in said County, on Saturday, the 31st day of August next, at two o'clock P. M., all the right William Morse of Rumford in said County has in Equity to redeem a certain track or parcel of land, situated in Rumford, it being the Northly half of a hundred acre lot No. eleven, North side the Great River, 2nd division, being the same premises which the said Morse mortgaged to Simeon C. Gleason and Ephraim Richard of Mexico in said County.
EDDIE T. GODDARD, Dept. Sh'ff.
Rumford, July 15th, 1839. 3w49

To the Hon. Board of County Commissioners now sitting at Paris within and for the County of Oxford.
RESPECTFULLY represent your petitioners that the public good requires that a new County road should be located and established commencing at or near Locke's mills in Greenwood, thence easterly to the outlet of South Alder River Pond near land owned by Caleb Barrows in Hamlin's Gore called, thence across the outlet of said Pond to land owned by Samuel Swann in Woodstock, thence southerly on the bank of South Alder River Pond to land owned by Samuel Bryant Jr. in Greenwood, thence easterly to land owned by Zephaniah Whitman in Woodstock, thence southerly by land owned by Samuel H. Houghton in Woodstock, thence down the outlet of Bryant's Pond so called in Woodstock to Joshua S. Whitman's in Greenwood, thence southerly in the most practicable route to the County road at or near the North West corner of the town of Paris. Your Petitioners respectfully request that the Hon. County Commissioners may view said Route and duly locate and establish said Road or so much thereof as shall be deemed for the public good and advantage.
(Signed by) AMOS YOUNG, & 14 others.
Paris June 16, 1839.

STATE OF MAINE.
OXFORD, ss:
At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1839.
ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at John R. Briggs' Tavern in Woodstock on Friday the thirtieth day of September next at nine o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Greenwood and Woodstock and of Hamlin's Gore, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Greenwood and Woodstock and in Hamlin's Gore, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be served and posted at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
Attest, J. G. COLE, Clerk.
Attest, J. G. COLE, Clerk.
A true copy of said petition and order thereon.
49

Guardian's Sale!!
BY virtue of License obtained from the Probate Court within and for the County of Oxford on the 25th of June 1839, there will be sold at the Store of Joseph Chaffin in Oxford in said County, on Saturday, the 24th day of August next, at 5 o'clock P. M., all the interest and right and title which Louisa Chaffin has in and to one acre of land and buildings thereon standing Land lately owned and improved by Wm. F. Chaffin deceased, and which lies in the Western Village in said town, and the same on which the said Louisa Chaffin now lives.
PHEBE SHATTUCK, Guardian.
By her Att'y, J. S. KEITH.
Oxford, July 10, 1839. 3w49

Commissioners' Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the Probate Court within and for the County of Oxford on the 25th of June 1839, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of
WILLIAM H. MUZZY,
late of Oxford in the County of Oxford deceased; will meet at the Office of J. S. Keith in Oxford in said County on the last day of August, September, and October next at ten of the clock in the forenoon to receive and examine said claims.
J. S. KEITH,
CHARLES DURELL, } Comrs.
Oxford July 19, 1839.

Wanted Immediately.
BY the subscriber two or three Girls as apprentices to the Tailoring Business, to whom good encouragement will be given
JOSEPH D. SHACKLEY.
Norway Village, July 17th, 1839.

To the Hon. Board of Road Commissioners for the County of Oxford to be held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June 1839.
THE undersigned would represent that the public accommodation requires that a new County road should be located, commencing at the intersection of the County road recently located from Walker's Mills in Bethel, with the County road leading from Bethel Hill to Waterford thence near Parsons Haskells in Albany, thence to the County road leading from Stoneham through Albany to Waterford, thence in said road to near the store in Waterford occupied by Whitney & Irish, thence to Waterford Flat in the road as now travelled with such alterations as may be made, or through the Valley near Carlton's Mill to said Flat, thence to the City (so called) in Waterford passing between Tom Pond and the road now leading from the Flat to the City. Wherefore your petitioners pray your Honors after due notice in the premises to view said route and locate said new road, or so much of it as your Honors should deem most advisable, and as in duty bound will ever pray.
(Signed) ZIBA FROST & 50 others.

STATE OF MAINE.
OXFORD ss:
At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June A. D. 1839.
ON the foregoing petition ordered, that the Petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at Hunt's Tavern in Albany on Tuesday the first day of October next at nine o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerks of the said towns of Albany & Waterford, and upon the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up attested copies in three public places in each of said towns of Albany and Waterford, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be served, and posted, at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause if any they have why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
A true copy of said Petition and order thereon.
Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.
Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

SHOES! SHOES!!
A Now lot first rate Womens, Misses and Children's Kid, Morocco, and other kinds of SHOES, in great variety, made expressly for the subscriber, and just received.
W. E. GOODNOW,
Norway, June 29, 1839. 3wecw46
Also,—More New CAPS, latest style.

\$100 REWARD!
RUN away from the subscriber on the 23d instant Andrew Stubbs, an indentured apprentice, aged 18 years. Whoever will return said apprentice to the subscriber, shall receive the above reward, but no charge will be paid. All persons are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting the said Andrew Stubbs on any account, as I will not pay any expense he may incur, nor any debts he may contract after this date.
BENJAMIN ALLEN,
Hatford June 25th, 1839. 3w46

ALEXANDER HYBRSON

